VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 24, 1904. NUMBER 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

SCHISM

My brothers fall on one another tooth and nail; even when they are away from each other they hurl anathemas and injuries. And what an affliction it is to me who love them all. It seems as though my heart were their battle-field.

Oh! the schism of minds, the horrid breach that tears to tatters the tissue of humanity! It has torn me asunder, and the living parts cry out to be joined together again. From the midst of disruption I stretch out my arms toward unknown friends. I would break down obstacles, cross chasms; and I suffer, I suffer!

The Friend: Unhappy lot! But another, who makes His sun to rise on them all, shares it with you. Let the remembrance of this console you—but see, too, that your pain be not fruitless. In every grief borne courageously a new world is fashioning and slowly developing for the future. Build up in your soul the lofty city of Peace, well within sound of the battle that is waging; in the midst of its discordant cries. Unite in secret what the world parts asunder; broaden your thought, take in what has been shut out, transform rivalry into collaboration; draw together, associate, fuse, preserve the Faith, and prepare for Unity.

Charles Wagner in "The Better Way."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Notes 195
Harvesting on the Upper Fields 197
A Millionaire Pauper.—*Sam Walter Foss* 198
Is Herbert Spencer Outgrown?—*Henry M. Simmons* 198
THE PULPIT.
The Bounty that Impoverishes and the Poverty that Enriches.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 199
Armies and Police.—LUCIA AMES MEAD 202
The Journalist's Responsibility.—O. LEONARD 203
THE HOME.
Helps to High Living 204
A King in Egypt.—*Helen Thayer Hutcheson* 204
The Blue Skink.—*David Starr Jordan* 204
Before Meat.—*Josephine Preston Peabody* 204
THE FIELD.
My Gifts.—*Frank L. Stanton* 205
Address to the People of Illinois by the President of the State University.—EDWARD J. JAMES 205
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H. 206
Annual Report of the Illinois Branch of the Consumer's League.—HARRIET M. VAN DER VAART 206
Announcements 207
Books Received 207

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

SOME ATTRACTIVE RECENT BOOKS

New Tables of Stone — By Henry M. Simmons, $1.50. pp. 328

The highest religion will show no exclusiveness; but like the most advanced flowers, will welcome variations, and even wish to be cross-fertilized from without. It will take truth from whatever source, as the pine-cone gathers pollen from every breeze. Its best missionaries will be no sectarian preachers trying to impose some single faith; but all men and movements, however secular and unintentional, that are aiding intercommunication among the sects, bringing an interchange between them, as bees do between the flowers. From this *cross-fertilization of faiths* will come a more charitable, vigorous, and richer religion, flowering in sweeter sentiments and ripening a larger harvest of human brotherhood.—*From an Old Parable Extended.*

Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia — $1.25 net. pp. 201

"Depend upon it, the first universal characteristic of all great art is Tenderness, as the second is Truth. . . . Dante's is the great type of this class of mind."

The Penobscot Man — Fanny Hardy Eckstrom, $1.25. pp. 326

"The rapids give place to river meadows, the meadows grow into salt shore marshes, the marshes lose themselves at the verge of ocean, and a mist creeps up out of the sea. Time levels and softens all, and draws a veil of haze across to hide what is unpleasantly harsh. So be it! Let all that is unworthy, low or mean be blotted out, provided that the lights we steer by, the beacons across the wide waste waters, be not dimmed; leave us, O Time, the memory of men like this." —*From Thoreau's Guide.*

Bits of Gossip — Rebecca Harding Davis, $1.25 net. pp. 233

"The world is crowded with brave and friendly souls, though they may be slow in recognizing one another."

Trixy — Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, $1.50. pp. 299

"A novel, which cannot be a homily, may be an illumination. This one approaches regions whose very existence is unknown to the majority of readers."

—*From Introductory Note.*

The Common Lot — Robert Herrick, $1.50. pp. 426

"It's the little things that separate, not the big ones. You look around your own kind of folks and see if that's not so. It's just the silly scraps of ways that keep man from man."

FOR SALE BY UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904. NUMBER 13

UNITY appears at the Thanksgiving party of 1904 in a new dress. We hope it will deserve a cordial welcome. It also takes pleasure in introducing to its readers Elizabeth T. Kent, who has kindly consented to reinstate the Home page. After the death of Ellen T. Leonard of blessed memory we had little heart to continue the department, which she conducted from the beginning. The fact that the page was sorely missed added to the hesitancy in reviving it. Mrs. Kent is no stranger to the UNITY family and will bring to the work many qualificaions —the daughter of Thomas A. Thacher, who for forty-six years was professor of Latin in Yale University, the wife of William Kent, whose name appears on our editorial page, whose stimulating advice and continuous support is an ever present help to UNITY, the infrequency of his own production a continuous source of regret, and, best of all, Mrs. Kent is the happy mother of six wholesome children who will continuously keep her to her editorial maximum. Mrs. Kent is an active student of all that makes for child culture. She was one of the pillars of the Dewey School in connection with the University of Chicago. She is a persistent worker in and for All Souls Sunday School and Church, and we bespeak for her the co-operation of mothers, sisters and teachers among our readers. Let the co-operative page she suggests warm, strengthen and encourage us all around.

"The Chicago Boys' Club" is the name of an organization that is devoted to the human waifs and strays of Chicago. There are 1,323 of these nomads of the streets now belonging to this organization. Last year 2,155 free baths were given such; 1,604 free meals given, and 9,990 "tracts distributed." Thus runs the report. It would be an interesting study in psychology, good "laboratory work," for some class in sociology to trace the relative values of meals and tracts as instruments of reform among these poor "sleep-outs." Much work of this kind is necessarily crude but it ill becomes those who do nothing to stand by and pick flaws in the devoted workers that have adopted the motto, "Formation better than reformation."

The thirtieth annual report of the Citizens' Association of Chicago is before us. This is a long term of service for a reform organization in a western city. Its earliest work was in the interest of a better militia, but it passed on into a campaign of civil service reform which has lasted for two decades. Recently it has been devoting itself to the annihilation of "company lines," abolishing the policy evil; and it claims to have wiped out an evil which took at least five million dollars per annum from the poor of the city and did much to debauch public officials and politics. It has worked for the betterment of the police force; it has secured the indictment of gamblers and dishonest money makers innumerable; it has been a terror to the book-makers at our race tracks; it has been a terror to duty-dodging sheriffs and justices, and still there is work to do. A fuller exhibit of its work can be obtained by sending for its reports, room 33, Merchants' Building, 92 La Salle street.

Dr. J. P. Peters in his interesting work on Nippur, where he describes the explorations in the valley of the Euphrates under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, has an interesting account of a visit to one of the Mohammedan mosques in Constantinople where he witnessed the mystic dancing of the dervishes. We quote below his account of the sequel:

> After the ceremonies were concluded, we were taken into the dervishes' parlor to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes. Here our Mevlewee friend insisted upon abasing himself, kissing, among other things, the dusty toes of my shoes, in order to show that he was a servant of every servant of God, by whatever name he called himself. He told me that the time would come when his religion and mine would be one, or rather when both would be lost in one all-true religion of the knowledge and love of God. Men should not quarrel and fight because of differences of belief, he said, but love one another. In that way the prevalence of truth would be hastened.

Thus it is that where superstition, narrowness, ecclesiastical conservatism and hierarchal severity seem most exaggerated, the spirit of universality lurks beneath. The words of the dervish represent the fundamental beliefs and the ultimate hopes of the true priest of all religions.

We rejoice in the indications that the time is slowly but surely approaching when Ruskin's demand that the question of dress shall be considered as one of the serious, searching problems in political economy is at hand. Last week we published the searching word of Mrs. McClintock which touched on children's dress. It is significant to note that at the last meeting of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs Mrs. George E. Colby of Chicago entered a strong protest against the extravagance of the wardrobe. Of this address the *Chicago Tribune* gives the following report:

> Denouncing the tendency of many women to dress in a manner far beyond their means as harmful to society and declaring that the extravagantly decorated shop windows are the first nails in the coffin of virtue, Mrs. George E. Colby of Chicago delivered a remarkable address at the meeting of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs today.
>
> Mrs. Colby's remarks created a furore. She spoke of the prodigality displayed by women in the matter of dress, and said the shop windows of the large stores, filled as they are with their treasures of lingerie and costly dress goods, created

the desire of possession in the hearts of feminine spectators, hundreds of whom were led to their downfall as a result.

"This passion for fine raiment," said Mrs. Colby, "is destroying our homes and demoralizing society. Horse shows are a display of gaudily dressed women rather than of horses. We should use our influence to check extravagant expenditures of money for personal adornment. I stand for individual independence in dress and am unalterably opposed to fad slavery."

"The Hyde Park Protective Association" is the name of the organization that has valiantly contended for the enforcement of the Hyde Park prohibition district in the City of Chicago. The recent decision of the Illinois Supreme Court is its seventh victory before this body. It has once more driven the invading demoralization from off the boundaries of the splendid South Park system. It is well to remember that the persistent force back of these dram shop brigands, who take both a man's money and his life, has not been the drink depravities but money depravities; it is not the passion for intoxicants, but the passion for greed. The great capitalist force of the brewers has persistently tried to invade the territory where the citizens did not want them, and the Supreme Court has once more declared that "bought signatures are not legal," hence the licenses granted on such applications are void. What has been accomplished in this city of Chicago can be more easily accomplished in smaller cities and in more homogeneous communities.

The story is still told of a leader of study classes not far from the UNITY office, in the early days of that movement, who assigned for study the unknown book "Soundings From the Atlantic" by Oliver Wendell Holmes, with the comment that it was probably some interesting use of recent discoveries in deep sea soundings or dredgings. The *Atlantic* still goes on yielding interesting results to those who are wise enough to sound its depths. The prospectus for 1905 is before us. This most solid and sensible of our magazines is nearly fifty years old. It has persisted, we suspect to its financial disadvantage, in resisting the pictorial temptation, believing that literature, art, science and politics, can be made interesting by the skilful use of words. Next year it promises further reminiscences from Colonel Higginson, and Andrew D. White, the tireless missionary for rationality in matters of religion, is to continue his studies in the history of the warfare of humanity against ecclesiasticism. Chapters from the private journal of Henry Thoreau will be published and will doubtless prove to a multitude of delighted readers that Thoreau's day is not yet closed. "The Intelligence Office," "Experiences of a Prison Chaplain," "A Census Taker," "The Newspaper Woman," "Studies of the Country Store," and "The Lodge" are promised, all of which goes to prove that this first beloved of magazines among the gray-heads is to hold its own in the contest for the affections of the younger fry, the up-to-date young men and women who have the "academic spirit" and are enamored of better things.

The newspaper columns have been burdened of late with heart-breaking railroad catastrophes. Happy excursionists returning from pleasure resorts, tired sight seers with minds loaded with World's Fair lore have been suddenly thrown into wildest panic; a percentage have been cruelly mangled and some have been precipitated in a flash into the great mystery of the beyond. The public is prompt with its blame; it is easy to find fault, and fault there always is, but perhaps more knowledge of the awful intricacies of railroading would lead us to wonder not that accidents are so numerous but that they are so few. A great railroad system perhaps represents the maximum of human complexity, and from the engineering end it is safe to say it represents human capability, alertness and efficiency raised to its maximum. A leaflet issued by the Northwestern line is at hand and the figures of this one of the great western systems may well be considered as typical. This line represents 1,700 stations with a tributary population of more than 7,500,000 people distributed over nine of the western states. The employes are indeed a veritable industrial army, reaching from the boiler-maker's helper, heating rivets in a portable forge, to the flag-man at a country crossroad. This line maintains no less than 610 electric block signals, 126 interlocking plants, 9,000 miles of telegraph lines, 40,000 miles of wire and a force of 1,700 telegraph dispatchers and operators in the movement of their traffic. Think of the safety gates, the signal towers, the track-walkers, section men, employed in this splendid mechanism, the essential parts of which after all are not made of bronze or iron but of human muscle, directed by the gray tissues of the brain. No wonder that "the best trained minds of the day are spending much time and thought in the effort to perfect to a still higher degree the system of appliances now in use." It is encouraging to know that the management is beginning to recognize that the ultimate safety depends on the proper discipline of human souls, the soundness of human wills, and the alertness of human minds. Railroad companies are becoming vast temperance societies, the management placing more and more emphasis upon sobriety, thrift, and the regularity and promptness that are dependent thereon. There is much yet to be done in this direction. The management that tolerates a drinking engineer, a tobacco-stupefied conductor, a passion-stained and on that account, passion-weakened brakesman or switchman, is criminally responsible for the accidents that spring therefrom. We rejoice in the perfection of the track and the mechanical devices that look to the protection of life and property; but the ultimate safety rests in human adequacy which cannot be attained without severest discipline from the without and from the within, reasonable hours for rest, and adequate compnsation.

Harvesting on the Upper Fields.

The Thanksgiving festival is ever in danger of settling on material foundations. The ingatherings on the lower levels are so obtrusive. Pumpkin and turkey, and now the still more ponderable thing of human brawn on the foot-ball field, are in danger of absorbing the attention and cheapening the most beautiful as well as the most original festival of the American church. It is well at this time to take some note of the bounty of the upper field, the current yield of the intellectual and literary field. So we take pleasure in enumerating some of the last books that have come under our own hand and eye, the reading of which has given us great pleasure.

First, we rejoice in the book that will be welcomed by so many of our readers, a long-asked for volume from the pen of Henry M. Simmons, whose sermons have delighted thousands of our readers and whose work has been so eagerly looked for in the pages of UNITY from the start. We will not undertake to notice the "New Tables of Stone and Other Essays"* from the press of James H. West Company, Boston; a review of the book will soon be forthcoming from a more competent and leisurely hand. Suffice it at this time to say that the volume, consisting of fourteen essays bristling with science, humanity, and religion, is out.

It is always a safe thing to bring out material already tested; it is a benignant thing to bring more within reach of the hurried the works of the masters. The "Comments of John Ruskin on the Divine Commedia,"† compiled by George F. Huntington, with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, from the Houghton & Mifflin press in Boston, is a fresh book to our hand, although the imprint indicates it to be a year old. But knowing that Dante is being made the subject of class study this winter in certain Unity centers, we take pleasure in commending this book, which contains all the known available allusions to Dante found throughout the extensive works of Ruskin. The writer has recently been furnishing his Dante shelf with the "Dante kit" prescribed by Mr. Gannett in a recent issue of UNITY, and more. He is inclined to think that this book of Ruskin extracts, arranged in proper order, will prove the most tempting comment. It furnishes an altogether unique and illuminating comment upon the text. Not the least valuable part of the book is the introductory matter by Mr. Norton and the general comments on Dante and his interpreters by Mr. Ruskin. Altogether it is a tempting, albeit a tantalizing book to one who is breaking new ground in the Dante fields.

In a lighter vein, but still with power of refreshment in its pages, at least to one who has had a taste of the backwoods, with axmen and raftsmen haunting the backgrounds of memory, comes "The Penobscot Man"‡ by Fannie Hardy Eckstrom, from the Houghton-Mifflin house, a book of Maine woods sketches so real that they must have been drawn either from life or very near to life. An added touch of literary interest is given to the book by the haunting touch of a Thoreau tradition, which in one chapter rises to the clearness of an account of "the death of Thoreau's guide."

"Bits of Gossip"* by Rebecca Harding Davis, from the same press, is a book that forcefully disturbed the program; it compelled a reading plumb through while other things were pending, of apparently more importance. It is worth while to grow old if one's memory is to be stored with so much rich lore. We all like gossip—let us confess it, particularly when it is given in such delightful frankness and in such a kindly spirit. Mrs. Davis lived on the border land of our great war; her affections went out, both to the north and to the south, and she reveals with refreshing frankness some side products of that war, too often overlooked. She tells us that "the first huge fortunes in this country were made by army contractors in the north during the war; the birth of the millionaire and the disease of money-getting, which have infected the nation were results of that war and are as important factors in our history," as is the liberation of the negro. In "Boston in the '60s" our gossip misses the adequate appreciation of Emerson; her visit was too hurried, perhaps her viewpoint too far away. Again the vision is confused, as it seems to the present writer, in her estimate of Whitman; perhaps here the viewpoint is too near. But Henry Clay, Edgar Allan Poe, J. G. Holland, John C. and Jessie Fremont (special favorites), Frances Willard, and many others, walk delightfully through these reminiscent pages.

Ye editor of UNITY has little time for fiction, particularly when the work is on in Chicago, but he has read Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Trixy"† and finds the same charming story teller as of old, heightened by an intense missionary purpose. We know of no place in literature where the dog has so woven himself into the human fabric and where his life and the human love it inspires is so successfully lifted into the rights as well as the joys and the intelligences of his human relations. One may still believe in vivisection after reading "Trixy," but not until it assumes sacramental as well as sacrificial sanctity to life. There are issues when life must be subordinated, but woe to him who treats lightly the sanctities and the solemnities of life.

After having read Robert Herrick's "The Common Lot,"‡ the writer, living in Chicago, with a wide acquaintance reaching back a quarter of a century, is afraid to look up for fear he will recognize some of the models for the characters in this most painfully realistic story. It is a Chicago story abounding in local color. It is a story with a purpose and the purpose

*"New Tables of Stone," Henry M. Simmons. James H. West Co. $1.50, pp. 328.
†"Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net, pp. 201.
‡"The Penobscot Man," Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25, pp. 326.

*"Bits of Gossip," Rebecca Harding Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net, pp. 233.
†"Trixy," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 pp. 299.
‡"The Common Lot," Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company. $1.50, pp. 426.

is so persistently, skillfully and imperatively presented that we cannot judge the story independent of it. Whether it is a work of art, we do not know; we do not care; it is a timely sermon that deserves wide reading. We wish we could persuade every business man in Chicago and every society woman in Chicago to read the book. Of course the majority of such readers will parry the thrust—call it exaggeration, or at least say that it applies to the other man and the other woman. And still, we are all in it, and all, to a degree responsible for the passion for success, the restless search for social and financial triumph, that the book so painfully presents. We wish it were not so truthful a book; we wish the story were not warranted, but so long as the facts exist we are glad that Robert Herrick has the courage to expose them with a view to improvement. Mr. Herrick is one of the younger members of the faculty of the University of Chicago and this work is a hopeful indication that we may look for ethical virility and spiritual insight in increasing efficiency at this and other centers of education.

A Millionaire Pauper.

How can you set there an' purtend you don't know who I be?
This land, ez fur ez you can see, it all belongs to me.

Don't know me? Well, I am surprised! Don't know me? Well thet's fine!
This country fer ten miles aroun' is ev'ry acre mine.

The hull blame thing belongs to me, I own it every rod;
An' you don't know me? Is it true sich ignorance stalks abroad?

Them fields, them woods, them pasture lands, ez fur ez you can see—
An' you, you fail to reker'nize a millionaire like me?

What's thet? You own this land yourself thet stretches near and far?
You are the sole proprietor? You mean you think you are.

You've got the deed in black an' white for all this wood an' field?
You've got the parchment duly sworn, recorded, signed, an' sealed?

I'm glad to meet ye. Howdy do? Afore I fin' my grave
I'm glad to meet the feller who hez been my faithful slave.

For you have been a slave to me, have taken all my care,
An' kerried all my burdens while I played the millionaire.

You've payed my taxes every year, an' paid all bills when due,
An' done my worryin' for me—I'm much obliged to you.

An' coz you have the title-deed held firmly in your hand,
You've got the crazy notion you're the owner of this land.

An' though I feel you are insane, an' crazy ez can be,
You've been a useful maniac an' lunatic fer me.

For I insist this land is mine; for standin' at this tree,
The land is mine for miles aroun', ez fur ez you can see.

Why not? Why not? For me is blown the clover's sweet perfume,
For me the pussy-willers bud, for me the apples bloom;

For me the mowin' fields send up the incense of the hay,
For me the medder brook tunes up its rattlin' song all day;

For me is blown the balsam breath your mighty forest yields,
An' I inhale—don't cost a cent—the healin' of your fields.

I have no plantin' to be done, yit from the flowers an' dew,
An' from the medder smells, I reap a bigger crop than you.

An' pray, why should I plant an' hoe, why should I dig an' plow,
When crops and harvests of delight drop down from every bough?

An' so I say this land is mine, an' I still hold it dear;
But I will let you pay the tax, I'll never interfere.

An' you may wave your title-deed triumphantly in air,
But I am certain, just the same, that I'm a millionaire.

But I am glad to see you, sir. I'm sure I'm glad to see
A man who's drudged so many years, an' done my chores for me.

Come down an' see me, won't you, sir? I'm sure I'd like to be
Much more acquainted with the man who's done so much for me.

Where do I live? The County Farm, way over there, you see;
You'll find me there, when I'm at home—room Number 23.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

Is Herbert Spencer Outgrown?

"Is Herbert Spencer outgrown?" No more than Isaac Newton is. Nobody reads Newton now—and he sometimes even made such mistakes that Voltaire said his work on the prophecies consoled men for his superiority in astronomy. Yet no one calls the great expounder of gravitation outgrown. However much Herbert Spencer may be unread or may have erred, he is no more outgrown than the doctrine of evolution. He has been its chief apostle. In 1852, seven years before Darwin's book, Spencer published an article, entitled "The Development Hypothesis," and teaching that "all races of beings, man inclusive, may have been evolved from the simplest nomad." In 1857, in the "Westminster Review," he extended the doctrine to all things—from "the earliest traceable cosmical changes down to the latest results of civilization." Of the eight years before Darwin's book, Huxley says his only acquaintance "who was a thorough-going evolutionist was Mr. Herbert Spencer." During the half-century since, he remained the foremost one. Others traced evolution in one or another special field; but his philosophy united all the fields and showed the creative process a harmonious whole. He did it with such power and influence that even Beecher said at the New York banquet, "Spencer's works have been for twenty years 'meat and bread to me.'" His theory was expounded by John Fiske, and won wide acceptance among the very preachers. Various special features of it have been modified and rejected, but the general doctrine of evolution seems established, and Spencer's influence in this is beyond question.

Still less is his political and moral teaching outgrown. There is wisdom enough in his doctrine that government should not be too paternal, and that "the ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools." There is still more in his principle that society must be reformed by improving its citizens rather than its laws—that bad men will remain bad under whatever social system, and that no statutes or constitution "can produce golden conduct from leaden instincts." But with all his opposition to governmental interference, he said he wanted more of it its true sphere of maintaining the rights of men. He hated all tyranny, whether by a monarch or a mob, by a millionaire or a labor union. And no man has more opposed the wrongs of war. In his first book he said, "An insatiate lust of conquest transmutes man-slaying into a virtue," and theft is praised "among Christians—provided it be on a sufficiently large scale." In one of his last, he rebuked the people "who profess Christianity and practice paganism"—"the ten thousand priests of the religion of love, who are silent when the nation is moved by hate," and "the legislators who, after praying to be forgiven as they forgive the trespasses of others, forthwith decide to attack those who have not tresspassed against them."—*Collier's for November 19.—Henry M. Simmons.*

THE PULPIT.

The Bounty That Impoverishes and the Poverty That Enriches.

A Thanksgiving Sermon By Jenkin Lloyd Jones Delivered at All Souls Church, Chicago, November 20, 1904.

Again the Thanksgiving season is at hand. The home festival, the most blessed in the American calendar, is upon us. The President and the governors of the various states have summoned the people to prayer; their proclamations bristle with rejoicings over the prosperity that is ours. Today and next Thursday, pulpits will rejoice in the statistics that indicate the affluence of the nation, the superabundant wealth, the mighty resources of our country. To add to and not to detract from the significance of this Thanksgiving service, I venture to remind you that there is a prosperity that impoverishes and that there is a poverty that enriches. "Prosperity" is a word of doubtful connotation, and there is need of discriminating study when we use it. If history proves anything, it proves that great commercial ascendency, abundant material resources, mighty aggregations of wealth and the stately buildings, palatial residences, even high art and noble libraries made possible thereby have not secured permanence to the state or peace and happiness to the citizen, but quite the contrary, they have often bargained for the defeat and ultimate decay of cities and of nations, as the stories of Egypt, Babylon, Phœnicia, Corinth, Venice, Florence and countless others sadly demonstrate. This lesson of history is verified in the story of individual lives and human experience. Fond expectations to the contrary notwithstanding, enlarging bank accounts have not necessarily, perhaps not generally, enlarged the power or deepened the joy of the holder. The elaborateness of the menu will not measure the relish of the dinner. The façade of the building is no indication of the happiness within. Next Thursday will find radiant joy clothed in calico, aye, rags and much dreary misery will be draped in silks and broadcloth.

A closer study will enable us to enter more into detail. Let my Thanksgiving sermon be a study of facts and not of theories.

Let us begin with the child: Obviously, that which robs the child of its mother is a bounty that blights. Human maternity begins but does not end at birth, pre-natal motherhood is the common lot of quadruped and biped. Physical gestation comes of uncalculating passion and unconscious growth; it is a physiological process. And the child that at birth is turned over largely to the protection and nurture of nurses and governesses, however skillful, is orphaned from the start. It is companion to the chickens that are hatched in an incubator and reared in a brooder,—a contrivance of canton flannel and kerosene lamps. The bounty that deprives a well-born child of its mother's milk, under normal circumstances, curses instead of blessing such a child. But thanks to wise physicians and ingenious devices that sterilize the milk and compound other baby foods, many a child does thrive on the artificial regimen. But the child is still orphaned that does not know the spiritual brooding of its natural mother. There is a heaven-appointed function for motherhood that ministers to the unfolding mind, that gives to the expanding soul of the child its sympathies and its ideals, its mental relish, its ethical impulses, its social and moral discipline. The material bounty that carries the mother away into a round of social functions, I care not how high; of intellectual quests, I care not how noble; of travel and spiritual adventure, I care not how desirable, is a misfortune to the child, and the children who are spiritually and intellectually "raised on the bottle" with a minimum of maternal direction and responsibility, enter life handicapped. Money can do a great deal in this direction, and happy is the child deprived of its God-given mother, by prosperity or by death, by social ambitions or by sickness and weakness, who finds a wise foster-mother provided. Indeed, I am almost tempted to say that a deep-hearted nurse often does more for the child's spiritual nature than a shallow-hearted mother can. All the same, that bounty blights which deprives a child of its full parentage of father and mother. And he is a poor father who only pays the bills.

Again, that bounty blights which robs the child of itself; that hastens the self-conscious years, years in which the little limbs God meant should kick themselves strong, are fettered with the frills, the ribbons, the gold lace and brass buttons that bespeak a mother's silly pride. All these exhibitions of parental weakness encroach upon the child's divine right of self-forgetfulness, self-abandon, and discipline through the bumps and bruises that exercise so high a function in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual life of the child.

Again, that bounty blights the child which robs it of full and free companionship. The child, thank God! is a democrat. Infancy everywhere is marked with a superabundance of life. The calves in the pasture, colts on the hillside, and children of the human family are entitled to an element of freedom, without which their growth is stagnated.

For this reason I deplore the prosperity that isolates the child too early. I rejoice for this reason in the democracy of the back yard where the coachman's children often teach good manners and yield gracious companionship to the children who were born in the big house that fronts the avenue. For this reason I distrust the prosperity that gives to the child an early sense of exclusion or seclusion; that causes it to grow up with the deplorable impression that it is made of "superior clay" and that it must be surrounded by peculiar safeguards; that the world is a rough and tempestuous place with which it must not make itself too familiar; that the streets are too dirty for its dainty feet, and that men and women are fine by virtue of their uncommonness rather than by virtue of the great common humanity, the splendid democracy of God!

These considerations lead us to deplore the bounty that robs the child of the great blessings of struggle or that shields it in childhood from the wise initiative struggles that inevitably await it further along. An overguarded youth oftentimes leads to a helpless manhood and a disconsolate womanhood.

The last childhood deprivation I have time to speak of is that which sometimes follows in the wake of prosperity, which robs the child of its ideals. Alas for the boy or girl to whom the world becomes early, as Emerson says, "a sucked orange"; who is deprived of the inspirations of a great hunger, high wants, passionate dreams; I care not what direction these dreams may take if only they are legitimate and noble and if only they become directing influences in the life! Blessed is the boy who comes early to a life purpose; who knows what he wants to do. And woe to the girl whose poor back is loaded with an aimless culture; whose hands are tied with refinements and accomplishments, with graces and decorations that have no ultimate object beyond increasing her attractions in the matrimonial exchange, where, like the man in the parable, she stands idly in the market place,

waiting even to the eleventh hour for the man to come along who will set her to work in his vineyard.

Let us look at the prosperities that blight in adult life: That young couple is to be commiserated that enters upon married life with no anxieties about a home; who are to be deprived of the pleasures of house-building, and who are bent on evading the perplexities of house-keeping, and through whose hands the unsuspecting years slip like water through gravel, leaving behind them no deposit of home associations, of local attachments, of neighborhood identification. Alas for the husband and wife who have so many houses that they have no abiding place in any of them. There is no more pathetic, heart-breaking revelation of destitute lives than the large number of elegant houses along our boulevards whose front doors are barricaded, on which you read, "Inquire in the rear." No family can be successfully reared on wheels, even though the wheels be those of sumptuous palace cars that travel transcontinental lines or the wheels that move great ocean steamers, carrying their restless freight of globe-trotters. Alas for the prosperity that makes more alluring an European *pension* than a Chicago home! That wealth is a blight that makes the spirit restless. That community is in a bad way in proportion as it is nomadic, and that family is menaced that is always on the go. A gadding housewife is proverbially a social nuisance; none the less so if she gads about with a retinue of servants and totes her children along with her across the seas and over mountains.

The husband and father who prefers the club to his own fireside, who uses his home chiefly as a sleeping place and tries to buy immunity from the responsibilities, the blessed worries, the soul-developing annoyances, if you please, which he bargained for at the marriage altar and which he committed himself to when he assumed the high responsibilities of fatherhood, is an unfortunate man; he is an over-prosperous man; he is in the line of degeneracy; he is a weight upon society, a block on the wheels of progress. His prosperity has been a misfortune to him; he disappoints the promises of his youth; the apples he has worked so hard to gather will prove apples of Sodom and will turn to dust and ashes in his mouth.

Once more, that bounty impoverishes that robs the individual of his independence. The first and most gracious use of prosperity should be the enlarging of a man's independence, giving him a position where he may defy the prudences, if need be, and go it alone when duty calls him. The prosperous man should be, of all men, the pioneer of unpopular ideas, the advance guard in the army of progress, if he is to justify his wealth. If he cannot afford, this man of millions, to stand up and testify in the interest of the truth he believes, to champion the idea that commends itself to him, then his wealth is a delusion and a snare; it is a hobble that interferes with his growth and his influence; he enters upon the race of life sadly handicapped. There are no slaves in modern life whose lot is more deplorable than that of these social dependents, commercial thralls, and religious serfs, made such by the artificial demands of their wealth,—women who drive in their carriages, clothed in rustling silks, to the church they do not believe in and ascribe to creeds they do not pretend to live up to, because swelldom goes there and it is the fashionable place; men whose vote for men and measures is governed by its influences upon their business; wealthy men who scarcely dare yield to the impulses of their hearts and support the causes they believe in for fear they will establish a precedent that will give them trouble further along—still less dare they invite another wealthy man to join with them in high endeavors for fear the other man will come back at them, and thus generosity become habitual.

If wealth has any blessings to bestow upon its possessors beyond providing for the demands of hunger and protecting the body from the extremes of climate, it is that of increasing man's liberty, enlarging the boundaries of his will, augmenting the power of his personality. No man is a true "captain of industry" who is not at the same time a captain of men, and, most of all, a captain of his own soul. The prosperity that hampers the freedom, that binds the soul within the walls of conventionality, that blindfolds the eyes of the mind and compels the living soul to follow the leading strings of convention and tradition, is a dire misfortune.

Now let us look at the poverty that enriches. We will begin with the child. Blessed is the child whose surroundings are sufficiently meager to throw him, at times at least, upon his own resources. There is a poverty of circumstances that develops the "*center-stance.*" John Ruskin was a child of few playthings, but the few he had gave him great pleasure. Abraham Lincoln was a boy of few privileges, but those made him resourceful. Happy is the child whose surroundings drive him to nature; to whom the out-of-doors is an university; over whom the sky bends with a conscious benignity; for whom the flowers bloom in fraternal friendliness, and for whom the birds sing in happy fellowship.

Happy, again, is the child whose life is sufficiently free from the slavery of things that he may speedily find his place in the republic of souls—the child who is at home on the playground of the public schools, who has the wide circle of the unclassified to select his friends from. These blessings that come through poverty enrich the life beyond the possibility of bank accounts. Many a child carried to Paris and back again has traveled less than the boy who has spent his summer in the pasture and his winter in the district school on the hillside.

As with children so with adults. Blessed is the the poverty that inducts one into the commonwealth of the community; that makes a man feel a pride in the public weal; feel that he is a shareholder in the schools, the libraries and the highways provided for him by the state! Blessed is the man who feels that he is a shareholder in that benignant institution we call the "post-office"; who meets the post-man as he would greet a friend, a co-worker, a fellow-servant of the public.

I know there is a depth of poverty below this altogether to be deplored, the tyranny of which is dire and cruel,—the poverty that never puts the child into possession of its own natural resources; that never gives to the youth the margin of time or the degree of intelligence necessary to a communion with nature. There is a poverty that exiles the individual from his fellows, that enslaves the woman within the tread-mill round of drudgery, and there is a wealth that can and does conduce to all these riches of the spirit.

In our inhospitable climate the life of the human being is hard pressed by the frost line for seven months in the year. During the same time night settles down early upon the world. Darkness and cold are the ever-persistent, aggressive enemies of the intellectual life and of spiritual serenity. So man's first fight is for light and for heat, and the poverty that is so dire as to deny these two things indeed crowds to the death line both body and soul.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the community. The first imperative need of wealth, the first use of riches, is to drive back the frost line and extend the daylight. Light and warmth are the first demands in social reform and civic regeneration as they are the demands of the home and the individual life. Perhaps the greatest municipal reformer known

to history is he who invented illuminating gas, as the the oft-told experiences of London testify.

Have we a dangerous district in Chicago? Is there an alley where life is uncertain, a place where thieves and outlaws congregate? Persuade the city authoritis to double the number of lamp posts, put in an electric light on the bad corner, and you will have done more than if you had doubled the police service.

On the other hand, do you see a man with a malign purpose; one who seeks to advance his personal interests by debauching his fellow beings, by speculating on the passions of men and women,—how does he do it? He is generous with heat and light. The saloon and the brothel thrive on the necessity of the poor. And these places know well the power of the creature instinct in men and women which causes them to gravitate to the warm places and the well lighted room as inevitably as the fox does to its hole or the bear to its cave. The saloon-keeper knows the economic value of plenty of light, the social power of a red-hot stove when the storm rages and the thermometer is below zero.

Let us then, forget, this Thanksgiving week, the prosperity that blights, and give thanks for that poverty which enlarges the realms of light and conquers the night, that radiates warmth to a degree that causes the polar wave to lose its terror, snow storms to become a joy, and converts the frost king into a merry Santa Claus.

As I believe in the redemptive possibility of the human soul, however degraded by habit, crippled by poverty, discouraged by defeat, I must believe in the redeeming power of heat and light. I mean heat and light in the most material way. I believe that electric lights and a well installed furnace have in them soul-saving power, but I believe they have their spiritual equivalents that are subject to the same conditions and lend themselves to the same formula.

"Light! more Light!" were the dying words of Goethe. The demand of the soul today, everywhere, is light, more light! It is needed on the avenue as in the alley; it is needed in the palace as in the hovel,—the light of day augmented by the light of knowledge; the light of stars let in upon lowly lives; and warmth, the warmth of love, which is impossible when the frost king pinches the toes and freezes the fingers. There are no ills like the ills of ignorance, which is simply a condition of darkness. There is no suffering like the suffering of the lonely, and this is the chill of circumstances.

I will not try to make the transition from the physical bounty to the spiritual needs of the community, or to show how the material bounties are valuable only when they are converted into spiritual resources. My sermon must reach its climax in another way. Indeed your own souls have anticipated my application. My sermon lesson is easy, palpable, searching. Only that bounty blesses that increases the mental and spiritual resources of those in possession of it. He only is wealthy whose life is benignant, whose heart is serene, whose soul is rooted in usefulness. He is the joy of the community, a leader in society, a benediction to the more needy; and he only is poor whose heart is hungry, whose mind is vacant, whose soul is cowardly, who knows not the joy of living and fears death.

Thanksgiving day is a home festival. Thank God for an interpretation of this festival that is more searching and profound than the boastful statistics of the conventional proclamations.

Charles Wagner, in his "By the Fireside," tells of a woman located on a Paris bridge, selling soup at two sous a plate. Her stand consisted of four planks and an umbrella-like awning—certainly a meager outfit for a home, and yet he says, "Under this precarious shelter, open to all the winds of heaven, there gathered every evening around a smoky torch, all the children, some of them studying their lessons, and the father resting after the toil of the day."

Here is a home on the bridge, with all the essential elements of the fireside. Indeed, as our author said, "striking root in the most ungrateful soil." Here is home at the minimum; what might it not be at its maximum, when this spirit is worthily embodied and the spiritual home is adequately housed!

I plead for wealth, more wealth. There cannot be too great a mastery of nature. There cannot be too successful a coining of material things into human capital, the counters of which represent the coins with which the bounties of life may be enlarged.

This is the essential thing for us to think of at Thanksgiving time; this justifies our fundamental contention—that the only charities worth while are the charities of mind; the only things we are sure to have and to hold forever are the things we give for high and holy purposes.

In the last analysis there is no poverty but meanness; there is no wealth possible to the mean soul. The life of man is forever related to the ideal, and only they who serve it render themselves eligible to the meanest of joys and the most material of pleasures.

This, then, is the test of wealth: Does it help man to free himself from the trammels of passion; does it help him to ally himself to the freedom of the spirit?

The other day I saw at the Fine Arts Exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition in that upper Russian room, a painting by Prof. A. R. Eberling, of the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Art in St. Petersburg, which was entitled "The Artist's Dream." In the foreground of the picture is the artist, an everyday kind of young man in a cut-away business coat, surrounded by the tools and paraphernalia of a studio. He has fallen asleep over his palette and rests for a time from his labors. Over his head in the generous spaces of a large canvas, appears in dim outline the dream-artist, working with splendid abandon on the dream figures that float about him. The faces of brave men and noble women are breaking through the clouds about him. Over and above them a mighty angel bearing the lighted torch of truth, of love, of civilization,—call it as you will,—is driving back the hosts of darkness, the minions of war and hatred and greed, and in vague outlines across the sky we read *'omnium pax.'*—"Universal peace."

This was the dream of the artist, but down below, behind and around his table, are the full-fleshed, passion-charged temptations of the near, and, as we falsely say, the real life. A maiden is coquetishly tickling his nose with a feather, and a man, a practical, prosperous man of business, one who doubtless flatters himself as being a patron of art, holds close before the closed eyes of the sleeper a gold coin; it will be the first thing his eyes will fall upon when he opens them. Lower down and pressing around his knees are maidens with vines in their hair, clustering grapes adorning their shoulders, typical of the temptations of the wine glass, the fascinations of the festive board.

The technique of the picture is certainly effective, but the moral import, the spiritual significance, far outruns its artistic power. However it may rank as a work of art, its ethical suggestions are magnificent. It is the New Testament done in colors by a Russian who, like Tolstoy, Verestchagin and hundreds of others, has grown sick of the statistics of Russian greatness, weary of her armies and ashamed of her tyrannies. And so he has sought to teach the young men and women of St. Petersburg the power of the ideal, the potency of truth, the charm of love. In other words, that picture is as true to the life of the

business man as it is to the artist; to the mother of children as it is to the painter of women. The power of the dollar is misunderstood in the one case as often as it is in the other. The dollar is much over-estimated by those who make it; it will not buy for them what they hope for, unless they persistently realize that the dream-life, the background of the picture, is more real than the shams and the frauds which appear during the waking hours.

Let us have a glorious Thanksgiving by remembering the things that most challenge our gratitude—the things which are not bought with a price, but which deserve and demand support. Let us have a Thanksgiving based on the immaterial, that consecrates this material wealth to the high uses of the soul, the enlargement of the spirit. All other wealth impoverishes, and all the poverties that are in league with the spiritual nature of man enlarge the soul, sweeten the life.

It is our business to look for the time when there will be none too poor to enjoy the light and heat necessary to a full life, and no man so rich but that all his wealth should be at the service of the community, which helps make, which helps defend, and helps invest his wealth.

Let him who has little rejoice in the bounties of daylight, the wealth of sunlight and starlight, and the loves that are as free as air. And let him that has much, invest all that he has in extending daylight and in enlarging the boundaries of the sun. Light and heat are what we need,—light and heat for body and spirit; the one will play into the other; without the one, the other cannot be; both together represent the wealth of the world, in which to live is a joy, and where death itself has no terrors.

We and our earth float like a ship on the mysterious sea of being, whose depths the grapnel of science does not sound, and we cannot expect to find a solid line of logic connecting with an unseen world. But there still flash at times, through feelings stronger than cables and diviner than electric currents, intimations that vanished souls are on solider ground than we, and that all are safe in the eternal Law and Love.

—*From New Tables of Stone, Henry M. Simmons.*

Armies and Police.

There is probably no subject of great importance and universal interest about which even the professional man as well as the hod-carrier is so befogged as that of the peaceful adjustment of international difficulties. Ninety-five Americans out of a hundred declare that they hate war and desire peace, yet ninety of those ninety-five not only have never lifted a finger to do any practical work for peace, but are frankly skeptical about the possibility of it before the millenium. "Your theories," says the skeptic to the worker for arbitration treaties and a world congress, "are admirable, and would work splendidly if it were not for one thing that your dictionaries always forget, and that is human nature. This is a wicked world, and Belgians abusing natives on the Congo, or men in Georgia or in Addicks' bailiwick burning men at the stake, or anarchists in Kentucky or Colorado, or deceitful Russians are not yet quite ready to be left to moral suasion. So long as we have cruelty and deviltry, no milk and water policy will do. When we abolish militia and police and go to bed with unlocked doors and trust our lives to our citizens, then we will abolish army and navy and trust ourselves unprotected to the mercies of strangers, and mind you, not before that."

This retort sounds smart and plausible. Ninety-nine soldiers out of a hundred, nine lawyers out of ten accept it without question, yet therein lies the dangerous fallacy. The assumption that all kinds of force are one in principle is a muddle-headed notion, fatal to progress. That some kind of force must last so long as gross infringements of others' rights continue no one but the extremist non-resistant can question. But to class indiscriminately together police and army and to see no radical difference between them commits one to a disastrous policy. There is no true analogy between police protection of our homes and military protection of our nation. Let that one single point be demonstrated to the American mind and immense results will follow. The police and army, to be sure, perform many functions that do not involve force wherein they are somewhat alike. Sometimes our soldiers are set to building roads or to teaching English to the Filipinos, but that *per se* is not their function. As soldiers their business is to injure the bodies and property of other men whom they call "enemies." The police restore lost babies and have many similar duties, but so far as they use force it is simply and solely for one purpose—*to bring to court.* It is not their function to decide which of two disturbers of the peace is most to blame. It is not their function to condemn or to mete our punishment. They are not executioners. They are authorized to use only that minimum of force which will compel every miscreant to come to court. There their work ceases and they step aside. In rare cases when they are compelled to shoot a criminal in self-defense or one who is escaping, though they may use the same revolver that the soldier carries, their act is no more the same in nature as his than the sheriff's execution of a murder is of the nature of manslaughter. The criminal who goes quietly to court receives no injury. There, after the heat of passion has abated, he has his counsel and witness and is acquitted or condemned by a presumably impartial judge and twelve disinterested jury men, according to the law made by a disinterested legislature. The decision may not be infallibly correct; that is irrevelant to this question. The point to be observed is that the policeman's function is simply to get his man before the judge.

How is it on the other hand with those who engage in the gigantic duel of war, and try to settle questions of justice by torpedo boats and mines? Do they desolate and annihilate in order to bring each other before impartial justice? Do they care for witnesses or evidence or disinterested judges? Far less than a duel does war do justice. The single duelist who aims at his one opponent allows him equal chances and moreover knows that he aims at the man who has injured him. But the European soldier driven to military service and ranged against an often unseen and always unknown enemy, aims his guns at a foe with whom he has personally no quarrel in the least. Let rational beings have done with the stupidity of calling soldiers in war with other nations, "national police." A sharp distinction must be made between international war and civil war. Long before the possibility that civil war will cease, war between two nations will end by adequate world organization. The next century will find dueling between great nations as obsolete as Anglo-Saxons find the duels between two men to-day. This does not imply that militia and police have then ceased to be, for the function of soldiers as well as the policemen at home is to compel the violent to take their cases to court, and until lynchers and rioters respect law, the soldier at home has duties to perform. No other excuse for force can be allowed among a civilized people than

that which is necessary to bring a quarrel into court. What then will be the nations' substitute for their armies, after gradual, proportionate disarmament? A small, international, armed police force on land and sea which will exercise genuine police functions. Some foreshadowing of this was presented when Russian, German, English, French, Japanese and American troops all fought for the same end, and under one commander, before Pekin. This substitution of a world force for many national forces will not mean that human nature has become radically altered, or that yeggmen and murderers have ceased to be. It will not mean that all force has become unnecessary; but it will mean that the world, like our nation, has become organized and that our senseless, unjust international dueling is ended. When this result is seen to be approximately near, American apathy and skepticism will disappear. What is needed is an effective organization as generously supported as is a presidential campaign to begin a campaign of education to the end that every editor, every clergyman, every congressman, every teacher, should know with how small a pebble and sling a stripling may lay low the war-god—Mars. The modern David's weapons are even smaller. They are the pen and ballot.

It is to be hoped that the International Peace Congress by its definite practical program for world organization will do something to show that the "theorists," "sentimentalists," "visionaries" and real "fanatics" are the old fogies who have not got a new idea on peace since the battle of Sedan, and whose philosophy of life is warped by fallacies about "national police" and human nature.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

The Journalist's Responsibility.

Every profession needs men of integrity and sincerity; no work can be well done without these qualities. What is the purpose of work? It is to create new things or improve the old. But in order to create or improve things a soul is needed, a great and good soul, as a guide. And the first requisites of a great soul are integrity and sincerity. Where these two are lacking the soul is absent.

Whether it be street-sweeping, scanning a poem, or measuring the earth, exactness, accuracy are needed, and nothing but sincerity will lead to exactness. The man who does things, not to do them, but to get done with his work, is far from accuracy. He forgets that without accuracy no satisfactory results can be obtained. This is true of every profession, but it is truer of journalism. The journalist moulds the minds not only of the masses, but even of the leaders of masses. He is a leader of leaders. We must therefore insist more on his integrity than on the integrity of any other man. The physician must be frank and sincere with the suffering patient, with the mother torn with anxiety for her sick child. To act differently may be a crime, but this crime involves only one family, whereas the journalist by deception may commit a crime against a whole nation. He may ruin or build a country. The lawyer may, by his oratory, try to obtain the acquittal of a guilty man, or he may ask for the conviction of an innocent man, but it is not his eloquence that will obtain these results. Many an acquittal or conviction comes from the editor's office. It is public opinion, moulded by the journalist, that will hang an innocent man or acquit a guilty one.

What responsibilities are entrusted to the journalist! He can bring war or peace; he can promote love or hatred. The majority does not do the thinking. The masses do not weigh facts; they go by hearsay and town talk. This is one of the reasons why we should expect more integrity from the journalist, for he is the one who reaches and influences the masses most. It is true that the teacher shapes to a large extent the minds of the nation and lends some traces to the child's character, traces that will leave their deep marks for life, but it is the child whom the teacher influences, whereas the journalist influences the man, the man who can act and on whose action the welfare of a country may depend. The novelist, essayist or poet may try to set forth new moral truths, but their labors will be in vain if the journalist refuses them his support. It is he who can bring them before the people. It is the journalist who has the magical power to make the masses read, approve or reject theories. The Congressman or Senator may conceive a new law, he may accept bribes to vote for a law, but he will be far from success if the journalist is against or even indifferent to the proposed law. The highest official of the republic, the President, is unable to do anything, be it ever so good, if the press leads the masses against his projects. And what is the clergyman's sermon without the help and interpretation of the press? The victories won by the general on the battlefield will not be victories if the journalist does not recognize them as such.

From the foregoing facts it will readily be seen that the journalist really occupies a much greater position than is usually accorded him in thought. The press has been called "the fourth power in the state," but its power has been under-estimated. The press should rather be called the first power, because every other, from the highest to the lowest, is influenced by the press. After giving a little thought to the subject we begin to realize the tremendous role the journalist plays in our individual as well as our national life. We begin to see clearly how much we depend on his scruples and how careful he must be in handling the great issues of life. Correctness, sincerity, and above all integrity, must be his guides. Partisanship must not enter into his life. It is his duty to keep aloof from the petty personal strifes of the politicians. And his thoughts must be free from the thrall of pecuniary profit.

It is regrettable enough that many or nearly all offices are filled by "pull." Yet the danger is not as great as when the journalist is a slave of "pull." His only recommendations for a chair in the editorial sanctum should be his sincerity, his ability to see into public matters, and his integrity. This, and only this trinity, can make a good journalist. Such must be the character of the man who moulds the destinies of nations that we should be able to safely trust his word. He must be so reliable that not a doubt should cloud our confidence in him. So sincere, so honest must he be, that we should look up to him as we did to our fathers when in our childish distress we needed advice. Those who enter the profession should realize beforehand the responsibilties entrusted to them. They should examine themselves, analyze their character, make sure that they can withstand temptation. For many and great will be the temptations in their career. Only after such precautions may they enter unhesitatingly.

Let the man who wants to direct the minds of his fellow-men, fully realize that he is to be the foremost citizen of his land, and journalism will be purified. And with the purification of the press, all other things will have to become better, for everything will then be judged by its own merits, and not by its weight in gold. It remains, however, for us, the public, to insist on these qualities before we can obtain them. And we must insist if we really desire to have a press worthy of its name.

O. LEONARD.

Leclaire College.

THE HOME.

All Contributions for this Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Our Home Department, one of Unity's most appreciated pages, was dropped at the death of Mrs. Leonard, its beloved Editor. We take up the task again humbly, hoping to be of use, and hoping that the page as formerly may be free from insipidity and cant.

Questions carrying thought and sentiment, always helpful to all, will be sought. Good poetry adapted to children, as most good poetry is, short stories worth retelling, and the wholesome nonsense craved by sensible minds—these we hope to find and reprint. Notes on reading aloud to children and play room suggestions will also have a place.

We ask the help of our readers in suggesting selections. Let us call this a co-operative page.

Elizabeth T. Kent.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—All that we have ever been or done is with us in some power and consequence of it until the end. The unity of life is never lost.

Mon.—If the world is bitter and cruel to you do not stand idly wishing the world were changed; the change must be in you.

Tues.—The lives of men who have always been growing are strewed along their whole course with the things they have learned to do without.

Wed.—Ideality, magnanimity, bravery—these are what make the heroes.

Thurs.—Go on forever craving and forever winning more faith and obedience, and so learning that they are the glory and crown of human life.

Fri.—It is to him who is most active, always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people and for things that life seems short.

Sat.—The world is growing better—I know it.

Phillips Brooks.

A King in Egypt.

I think I lie by the lingering Nile;
I think I am one that has lain long while,
My lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the Pyramid,
And the darkness weighs of the closed eyelid,
And the air is heavy where I am hid,
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

I think there are graven godhoods grim,
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,
And the hampered hand, and the muffled limb
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

I think I lie in a languor vast,
Numb dumb soul in a body fast,
Waiting long as the world shall last,
Lying cast in a languor vast;

Lying muffled in fold on fold
With the gum and the gold and the spice enrolled
And the grain of a year that is old, old, old,
Wound around in the fine spun fold.

The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;
I feel it warming the still, thick gloom,
Warming and waking an old perfume,
Through the carven honors on my tomb.

The old sunshine of Egypt is on the stone;
And the sands lie red that the winds have sown,
And the lean, lithe lizard at play alone
Slides like a shadow across the stone.

And I [illegible]
I am [illegible] over my head,
Wit[illegible] long dead,
An[illegible] my words all said,
[illegible] written over my [illegible]
[illegible]

The Eagle and the Blue-Tailed Skink.

There was once a Blue-tailed Skink, and he sat on a log in the sun and had a good time, and on top of the tree over his head there was a big bald Eagle. The Eagle watched the Blue-tailed Skink sitting on the log in the sun until she thought it was time to eat him. Then she swooped down on him. When the Blue-tailed Skink saw the Eagle coming he gave a jump forward, so that when the Eagle got down there she just caught the end of his tail. The tail of the Blue-tailed Skink will come off if you catch hold of it. It is made and put on that way. So the Blue-tailed Skink left the Eagle with the tail in her claws. He was all right himself. and he ran down the side of the log while the Eagle ate up the tail.

Then the Blue-tailed Skink looked up the tree and saw where high in the crotch of the tree the Eagle had a nest. In the nest were four eggs. So the Blue-tailed Skink ran up the side of the tree to the nest. Then he looked down and saw the Eagle on the log eating up his tail. So he ate up the four eggs that the Eagle had laid in her nest, and he said, "There is just enough meat in these eggs to make me a new tail."

The Eagle saw the Blue-tailed Skink sitting in the nest on the tree, so she flew up to seize him. But the Blue-tailed Skink ran down on the other side. When the Eagle got back to her nest she saw that the eggs were gone, and she said, "I've eaten the Skink's tail, and there is just enough meat in that tail to make me four new eggs."

The Skink lay down in the shade under the log until he had grown another blue tail, and when he had done this then he ran back up on the log and sat in the sun. The Eagle laid four more eggs in the nest and watched the Blue-tailed Skink. Very soon the Eagle jumped down to catch him. She got the Skink by the end of the tail and the tail came off. Then the Blue-tailed Skink ran away and saw the Eagle munching his tail, and the tail squirmed while the Eagle munched it. Then the Skink ran up the tree to the Eagle's nest and saw four eggs there. So he ate the eggs; and the Eagle had the tail and the Blue-tailed Skink had the eggs, and they were ready to start over again. For there was meat enough in the tail to make four more eggs, and meat enough in the eggs to make another blue tail.*

*"The Blue-Tailed Skink never lost his tail forever."—Barbara.

From The Book of Knight & Barbara by David Starr Jordan.

Before Meat.

Hunger of the world,
When we ask a grace,
Be remembered here with us,
By the vacant place.

Thirst, with nought to drink,
Sorrow more than mine,
May God someday make you laugh,
With water turned to wine.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

Will any one for one day apply his strength to virtue, I have not seen the case when his strength is insufficient.—Confucius.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

My Gifts.

Give not to me life's splendors—they would blind
The eyes that now have light to see the way;
Only a little sunlight for my day,
And for my night the shadows soft and kind;
And for my wealth the quiet of the mind,
Gentle and sweet; and lips that sing or say
In kindness, and are answered when they pray;
And for my glory, love-defined.
And give to me the love of her whose kiss
Is recompense for toil; whose smiles await
My coming, brightening with expected bliss
In some sweet spot where twilight lingereth late;
And yet one other blessing crowning this,
In little foolsteps pattering to the gate!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Address to the People of Illinois by the President of the State University.

Fellow Citizens—I have accepted the call of your chosen representatives to the Presidency of the State University of Illinois. It is a great responsibility, and one which I should not have dared to undertake if I had not been sure of the coöperation and support of the citizens of this great state. It is evident that the people of Illinois desire that this institution shall become one of the great universities of the world, and are determined to do whatever may be necessary to make it so. They have already given repeated proofs of such intention in the laws passed by the legislature relating to its organization, and the appropriations granted for its support. I hereby pledge my best efforts to assist in the realization of this purpose.

The people of Illinois are rightly proud of their educational system, and are particularly fortunate in its remarkable development. I know of no other equal population in the world whose system of higher education is more promising than is our own. Its elements are varied and vigorous. Its foundations—for after all they are but foundations as yet—are solid and comprehensive, and both as to quality and extent they may well rejoice our hearts.

We have three great institutions within our limits which, considering their location, their present financial backing, and their future prospects, may fairly expect to be enrolled among the great universities of the world.

Northwestern University, the oldest institution of university aspiration in the state, has had a remarkable growth. Its sober and scholarly spirit, its excellent facilities, its liberality and catholicity, its peculiar and close relation to one of the great religious denominations, have already made it the resort of students, not only from our own state, but from other states, and other countries. Its growth and prosperity must remain a matter of pride and pleasure to every citizen of this state, and when he canvasses in his mind the claims of Illinois to the respect and admiration of other communities, not the least of the counts will be that it has brought forth and nurtured into greatness such an institution.

The University of Illinois—the next in order of time to be founded—has also had a remarkable record for service and growth. Not yet fifty years old, it has already reached a registration which puts it high in the list of American universities. Its growth during the last ten years has been truly astonishing. More than fourteen hundred new students have registered for work in its various departments this autumn, and to judge from present indications it will certainly not be many years before its attendance will reach five thousand.

The University of Chicago, although not yet fifteen years old, has won for itself, for the city, and for the State of Illinois, a deserved reputation for scholarship and training throughout the world. Certainly every citizen of the state should take a personal pride in the achievements of this institution in the field of higher learning, and feel a keen gratification that such a center of scholarship and culture could be built up within so short a time in our midst. It testifies to a maturity of our society which few of even the most sanguine students of our institutions and life would have believed possible.

Aside from these great institutions well on their way to rank among the leading universities of the world one should not forget the great technical school, the Armour Institute, which will ere long rival in equipment and scholarship the foremost technical schools of the east and of Europe.

When to these schools of university grade we add such institutions as the Lewis Institute of Chicago, the Bradley Institute at Peoria, Decatur College at Decatur—to mention simply the later of these newer foundations—one may get some idea of the breadth and depth of our educational system.

We ought to remember also with gratitude in such a summary the work of more than a score of denominational colleges in beginning the work of higher education in this state, in developing the scholarly spirit, and pointing the way toward higher things. The oldest colleges in the state, like Illinois at Jacksonville, Shurtleff at Alton, McKendree at Lebanon, and those founded later like Knox College at Galesburg, the Woman's College at Jacksonville, Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington, Eureka at Eureka, St. Ignatius at Chicago, etc., etc., have done and are doing a work for Illinois of which we may well be proud, and which we could ill afford to spare. Every thoughtful citizen must wish for these institutions increased opportunities and increased endowments, so as to make and keep their work of that high quality which our modern society demands.

Nor should we forget in such a list the five great normal schools established and supported by the state, the hundreds of high schools upon which the whole system of higher education of the state rests, the many private academies and seminaries which have played such an important part in our educational history, like the Grand Prairie Seminary at Onarga, the Academy at Elgin, the Monticello Seminary, the Seminary at Warren, etc., etc.

Surely the proposition is true that every citizen of Illinois should be interested in and proud of this group of institutions.

Our own educational history, as well as that of the Mississippi valley in general, proves that it is vital to the success of this system that the state do its full share in providing the most ample facilities for its children. No success, however great, of private institutions, whether church or secular, can do away with the necessity of the state's taking an active and leading part in this development, and to this active part your interest and support are necessary.

You may be personally interested in one or another of these private institutions mentioned above; if so, you are doing the education of the state a service for which your fellow citizens should be grateful; for after all, Northwestern, and Chicago, and Knox, and St. Ignatius, are not merely Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, or Catholic institutions—they are Illinois institutions as well, in whose success and glorious record we all rejoice. But you are also, by the fact that you are citizens of Illinois, constituents, and you ought to be friends and helpers of the University of Illinois, which in a peculiar sense is the institution of all its citizens—men and women, old and young, native and foreign.

The desire of the people of Illinois, as we understand it, is a very simple one, viz.: that the University of Illinois shall occupy among the universities of the country a position in equipment and in scholarship similar in rank to that which the State of Illinois holds in wealth and population among her sister states in the Union.

To do this it is necessary, of course, to accept the same high standards of scholarship as prevail in the great universities of this and other countries. We must develop here in our midst at the State University one of the great centers of scholarship to which our youth will naturally resort for the highest kind of training.

You—each citizen of the state—may be of great help in this work. You can acquaint yourselves with the importance and significance of this great undertaking. You can take pains that your friends and neighbors also shall know about the University and its work. You can hold up the hands of the senator and representatives from your district in the legislature in their support of the institution. You can say to them that you as a citizen, and one of their constituents, desire that they should support and sustain by every legitimate means, and especially by liberal appropriations, the purpose and work of the Trustees of the University.

The aspiration of our people after higher things finds expression in many ways—in our churches, our hospitals, our elementary and secondary schools, our almshouses and asylums, our libraries and art galleries; but in no way more directly and efficiently than in a great university which incorporates in its external form (buildings and equipment), and in its internal

spirit (culture and scholarship), the longing of the whole community for the higher things—those of the mind and spirit.

Our desire is not for mere greatness, though numbers are to some extent an indication of the degree to which the University is supplying the popular need; nor for many departments, though we should certainly provide facilities for the leading careers for which university education is necessary or desirable; but far more for those qualities of mind and heart which have been in all great teachers of mankind and in all great centers of learning to a greater or less extent, and most of all in the greatest. We wish to train here men and women who will serve their day and generation in the most efficient way, and whose work when men look upon it shall prompt them to say: "This comes from Illinois? Then blessed be Illinois!"

We crave your lively personal interest and active assistance in this great and responsible task. EDWARD J. JAMES.

President of the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois.

Foreign Notes.

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE.—Just after Chicago's recent peace meeting at Sinai temple the chances of my daily work brought to my hand: "The Nation's Need, Chapters on Education, edited by Spenser Wilkinson." Glancing over a chapter on the teaching of modern languages, by Karl Breul I found this passage, so apt a continuation of some utterances at the Peace meeting that I reproduce it here:

"If the journalist is apt to point out and to lay stress on the differences between this nation and others, to call attention to what separates us, to expose the weaknesses of our neighbors and show where we may find fault with them, on the other hand the great task of the modern language teacher in schools and universities is to reveal '*das Dauernde im Wechsel,*' that which is abiding among all the changes, the great tasks that are before all the great modern nations and that cannot be solved but by the hearty co-operation of all. Such a teacher will show his pupils and will spread the conviction that in spite of passing and sometimes unavoidable misunderstandings, the best spirits of all nations are essentially at one—that Shakespeare, Molière and Goethe, not to mention some modern names, do not belong to one nation alone, but that every boy and girl, every man and woman, has a right to be elevated by their grandeur, taught by their wisdom and refreshed by their eternal charm. In this way modern language teachers can fill the minds and souls of the young with a deep respect for foreign modes of thought, with a just appreciation of foreign endeavors, and even with a certain sympathy for foreign life and peoples. If it be true that a majority of our rising generation cannot and ought not, as formerly, to be brought up mainly on the lines of ancient humanism, then it is the bounden duty of every one interested in education to see that for the future they are brought up in an equally liberal way by means of the new humanism. The teachers of modern languages have today a high trust committed to them, and they will do well to be fully alive to the great responsibility which their increased opportunities have now laid on their shoulders."

Remembering Charles Wagner's words about the feeling in Alsace, this item from *Le Signal de Genève* is of gratifying interest.

The German Peace Society with headquarters at Stuttgart made through the press this year a protest and appeal concerning the customary celebration of the anniversary of Sedan. It said in effect:

The celebration of the anniversary of a battle is unworthy a nation which claims to lead in the march of civilization. Recalling the misfortunes with which the war overwhelmed countless families and the whole of a conquered nation, one ought rather to bury the memory of it in oblivion.

If Germany really has at heart the living in peace and friendship with her neighbors, she should begin by treating them as she would wish them to treat her, that is to say as beseems upright and cultivated people. She should cease to talk to the young about "the hereditary enemy" and teach them to esteem not only what is good in their own country, but likewise what is good in their neighbors. Above all she should beware of considering herself superior to France—for which there is really no ground. It is time furthermore to teach children the blessings of peace and to talk to them of the horrors of war in place of rousing their enthusiasm for so terrible a spectacle. The system hitherto pursued is an eloquent testimony to the state of culture in Germany.

Let us have peace then with all nations, but above all with France.

This pacific appeal was effective. The government and the German immigrants in Alsace-Lorraine refrained from any demonstration which could recall the painful year.

In all the states of the empire the government ordered the omission of the official decorating of public buildings. In the cities of Alsace where a year ago many flags were displayed this year there was not one nor any sign of rejoicing on September 1-2.

Should this sympathetic and conciliatory policy be continued, one may hope that the mourning wreaths and banners about the figure of Strasburg on the Place de la Concorde at Paris will eventually disappear likewise. M. E. H.

Annual Report of the Illinois Branch of the Consumers' League.

Read at the annual meeting at the Hull House, November 21, 1904.

The Illinois Branch of the Consumers' League for the year 1904 has organized and carried on several lines of work in connection with the new Child Labor Law, and also made an investigation of the Sunday employment of clerks and the Saturday half holiday during July and August.

The most important work of the League was the establishing of the Central Office, for the giving of the age and school certificate, required by the provisions of the new Child Labor Law. The establishing of this Central Office was a provision of the original bill, but this part of the bill was weakened in the committee room in Springfield by an amendment, which made it possible for the principal of each school to issue the certificates, thereby losing uniformity in the enforcement of the law, as well as the possibility of accumulating valuable data and experience. In order to test the efficacy of enforcement more than fifty public and parochial schools were visited in the industrial districts, and with the data thus secured conferences were held with the public school authorities, and with Archbishop Quigley. These conferences finally resulted in the establishment of the Central Office located in the same building with the State-Factory Inspector's Office, with two representatives, one for the public schools, and one for the Catholic parochial schools. It is hoped that later the Lutherans will also co-operate.

Archbishop Quigley gave his consent to this co-operation on the part of the Catholic schools with the condition that the committee be responsible for the expense involved. The Consumers' League, with the very generous help of the Visitation & Aid Society, assumed this expense for one year.

To this office the children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who wish to go to work must come, with their parents, bringing their school record, where they are tested as to their ability to read and write, the parent's affidavit is taken, and the final age and school certificate given to the child. The records concerning each child are carefully filed. These records in certain cases may prove valuable to the State Factory Inspector, and are also open for legitimate public use and inspection. From the short time this office has been in existence, already some interesting facts are noticed. More than twenty-five children of legal age to work have applied for certificates, who could neither read nor write.

During the investigation it was discovered that the part of the law which accepted as authority, the oath of parent or guardian before the county judge, in cases where school or baptismal records could not be obtained, was being taken advantage of, the law not providing any means of obtaining the necessary information in regard to such parties.

In a conference of interested people called by Judge Carter, of the County Court, to devise some means of making this part of the law more effective, it was decided that the secretary of the Consumers' League should undertake this investigation, Since this time all parents or guardians appearing before the county judge to make affidavit as to a child's age, have been referred to the secretary of the League, and the oath is not administered until she has reported back to the judge the facts of the case. In a number of instances it has been found that the school records existed, but gave the child as under age, in such cases of course the child was returned to school and the law upheld. In other instances it only required sending to another city. Sometimes it has been necessary to send to the old country for baptismal records. Since the secretary has undertaken this work, not one child has been found where no record was obtainable. While the League on the one hand has thus been working for the most perfect enforcement of the law, it has at the same time worked to ameliorate any suffering caused by that enforcement. All the scholarships provided by the various Women's Clubs for the children of dependent widows have passed through the hands of the secretary. These scholarships have not only opened the way to some boys and girls for a year or more of schooling, but the consequent investigation has also proven beyond any question, that the number of widows dependent upon the earnings of children under fourteen is very small. With nearly two years of the most careful investigation and many applications, only eight have been found in Chicago.

The beneficial effects of the Child Labor Law are apparent in many directions. The school report gives a very decided increase of attendance in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, which Supt. Cooley largely attributes to the new Child Labor

and compulsory school laws. Some of the teachers in the industrial districts tell us a change is noticeable in their neighborhoods. Ignorant parents are beginning to realize that the state has an interest and also an authority in regard to the welfare of their children. Employers exercise great care in hiring children. Mechanical devices in the department stores are gradually displacing the cash children. One of the evils that threatens this law through the ignorance of its friends is the idea that certain exceptions should be allowed, as boys should be allowed to work during vacation time, and where unusually hard conditions exist. Experiments in this direction are not needed. Other states where these exceptions are allowed testify to the fact that "the exception" practically nullifies the law, that the exception enlarges and ultimately covers so many cases that the law finally comes to operate for the few, in place of the majority. In no place is it more necessary for the friends of the Child Labor Law to be thoroughly awake and intelligent than in this direction of "The Exception."

Previous to an investigation unions of clerks were consulted to learn what steps they would advise in working for the Saturday half holidays during July and August. The head of the International Clerks' Association in Denver thought the first step should be an effort to close the stores on Sunday and advised an investigation in Chicago to learn how large a number of merchants employed their clerks and kept open store Sunday. The secretary of the league acting on this suggestion gave some time especially Sunday mornings during June and July to learn facts in this direction. It was discovered that with the exception of a few blocks in the center of the city, as Wabash, State and Dearborn from Randolph to Van Buren, it was the exception. All men's clothing stores were open, all book and boot and shoe stores were open, the most of the millinery stores, and the larger number of dry goods stores, occasionally a dry goods store was found closed. On Blue Island Avenue not a store was closed. The larger number were open in Madison street. Not counting drug stores, barber shops, bakeries, restaurants, fruitstands or saloons, which of course were all open. On Halsted from 69th to Milwaukee avenue 430 were found open. On Milwaukee avenue from Halsted to Fullerton 318, on Clark from the south end of Lincoln Park to 12th street 181, on Wentworth from 22nd to 63d 163, making in all 1,092 in parts of these four streets which is not a larger number than could be counted on a number of other streets. The secretary talked with both proprietors and clerks. Many clerks work six days every week, and every other Sunday till twelve, and only in those establishments where the employes were organized did they have three evenings off during the week. Some spoke of health being undermined because of the long hours.

Proprietors generally spoke regretfully of the Sunday opening. They seemed to think it was impossible to make an agreement that all merchants on a street would consider binding. One advised a law that imposed a fine on the purchaser as well as the merchant. All seemed to think Sunday closing could only be secured by law. It is the purpose of the League to study further the conditions of the clerks in Chicago, not only in regard to Sunday closing, but to co-operate with them in an endeavor to secure shorter hours of employment, and the Saturday half holiday during July and August. The Consumers' League hopes for the same hearty interest, and co-operation from the public in this effort, that they have received in their work for the Child Labor Law.

Respectfully submitted,
HARRIET M. VAN DER VAART, *Secretary.*

Announcements.

The Senior Editor of UNITY will probably spend his March escape in and around Texas. Prof. Walter A. Payne of the Extension department of the University of Chicago is arranging for his itinerary. All applications for lectures and interpretative readings, singly or in course, should be made to him.

Books Received,

The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Government of Illinois. Its History and Administration. By Evarts Bontell Greene. $ .75. Mass and Class. A Survey of Social Divisions. By W. J. Ghent.

JAMES H. WEST COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

"New Tables of Stone, and other Essays." By Henry M. Simmons. $1.50, pp. 328.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON, MASS.

"The Wandering Host." By David Starr Jordan. 90c net.

"The Touch of Nature:" Little Stories of Great Peoples. Retold by Augustus Mendon Lord with illustrations by Edith Cleaves Barry. $1.00 net.

"The Supremacy of Jesus." By Joseph Henry Crooker. 80c net.

"John Gilley—Maine Farmer and Fisherman." By Charles W. Eliot. 60 cents.

Two lectures on Browning by Frederic E. Dewhurst. I. "Browning and the Problem of Optimism." II. "Browning's Caliban on Setebos." an interpretation.

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